Newport Herald.

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NEWPORT, (Rhode-Island) Printed by PETER EDES, on the Parade.

American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

NEWPORT, March 1, 1787.

The Subscriber having lately received a new and complete assortment of printing materials, begs leave to offer to the public the following

PROPOSALS,

For printing a new WEEKLY PAPER in this city, under the title of the

NEWPORT HERALD.

Which proposals he submits to the candor, and hopes for the favorable support, of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and of the several towns in this State, to begin and carry on.

I.

THAT the work shall be executed on good paper, embellished with a new and elegant type; and the whole enriched with the choicest collection of news, both foreign and domestic; and shall contain a brief and succinct account of all the remarkable events which may take place in every quarter of the globe; together with a variety of such useful and entertaining essays, as may be best calculated to diffuse general knowledge, and promote the noblest interests of society.——All pieces of original composition, and all judicious extracts from the justly-esteemed ancients, and most-approved moderns, which tend to this desirable purpose, will be thankfully received, and duly acknowledged; —and while the personal invectives of man against man will be always excluded, his paper shall ever be open to the different politicians of the day.

II.

This paper will be published every *Thursday* morning:—And those Ladies and Gentlemen who incline to comply with these proposals, will please to give in their names by Thursday next, in order that this paper may be left at their respective dwellings in future.

III.

Although it will be the publisher's ambition to make his paper equally respectable with any other upon the continent, yet he shall confine himself to the moderate price of *nine shillings* silver money per annum, or an equivalent, exclusive of postage.

IV.

As the expences of carrying on this undertaking will be very great, he entreats every subscriber to pay six months advance on delivery of the second number; this first being presented *gratis*;—and the editor doubts not that the candid and the generous will encourage every humble attempt to please, or be useful to society.

V.

The public may be assured, that no industry, attention, or punctuality, shall ever be found wanting in,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

PETER EDES.

Those Gentlemen with whom subscription papers are lodged, are requested to send them as speedily as possible to Jacob Richardson, Esq. or to the printing-office, on the Parade.

☞ *Subscriptions for the* HERALD *are also taken in by Mr.* I[illegible] Pitman, *near the Great Bridge, in Providence.*

To the PUBLIC.

NO books or pamphlets are so much the objects of ridicule and contempt as ALMANACKS and NEWS-PAPERS; and it is easy to prove that no books we read (except the bible) are so much valued and so serviceable to the community.—Almanacks serve as clocks and watches for nine-tenths of mankind; and in fair weather are far more sure and regular than the best time piece manufactured in the city of London.—Twenty gentlemen in company will hardly be able, by the help of their thirty guinea watches, to guess within two hours of the true time of night.——One says it is nine o'clock——another, half after eight —a third, half after ten; whilst the poor peasant, who never saw a watch, will tell the time to a fraction, by the rising and setting of the moon, and of some particular stars, which he learns from his ALMANACK.

A NEWS-PAPER is still more valuable.——The affairs of foreign nations, as well as the transactions of our own people, are conveyed in these channels of intelligence to the most retired recesses of ignorance. A great part of mankind are excluded either by their poverty or some other circumstances from those sources of knowledge, to which the inhabitants of large towns have a ready access. And yet these retired farmers, who may be the most honest and most necessary part of the community, are equally interested in the politics of their own and other states. A few shillings every year, will furnish them with information of the state of commerce and war—of remarkable occurrences in every quarter of the globe, and of every thing curious and important.

But besides all these advantages, our own domestic business would render a NEWS-PAPER the most necessary and useful article that is purchased.——The affairs of government are necessary to be known by the public, and without NEWS-PAPERS we should be obliged to send sheriffs and constables to publish new laws in every town, to warn sessions of the legislature, to proclaim thanksgivings and fasts. In these, the merchants can tell thousands at once what articles they have for sale, and what they want to purchase.—The farmer sets his farm and cattle for sale—the mechanic his manufactures—the cuckold advertises his wife, and exposes his shame to save his money. In NEWS-PAPERS, rogues are published—stolen goods found—fools are laughed at—vice scourged—and counterfeit money detected. In short, every thing that deserves the attention of the public, may, in this channel, be conveyed to their understandings, with more ease and expedition than by any other method hitherto invented. I conceive it to be one of the best securities of the liberties of mankind, and the best guard against the encroachments of tyranny.

In this critical time particularly, NEWS-PAPERS may be essentially beneficial to the community.—From political essays people may derive much benefit—they may discover their errors or find new arguments to support their opinions; and in short, NEWS-PAPERS furnish a perpetual fund of humor and interesting intelligence. The value of them may, in some measure, be determined by the fondness of people to read them—The moment the paper is published, the office is crowded with readers—the post riders flock from every quarter of the State, and must go, let it rain or shine. For my part I consider the money that is expended for two or three NEWS-PAPERS in a week as laid out to the best advantage—as promoting my own interest and that of my country.

For the NEWPORT HERALD.

Mr. EDES,

The Proposals you have offered respecting the publication of your paper, are too liberal to reject the admission of the following piece.—It is a theme which the benevolent will deem popular, but which the interested may not admire. The subjects of America, however, who have so strenuously contended for LIBERTY, and who have declared it to be the natural right of MAN, *will doubtless defend the principles of the author, and thereby support the character of* consistency.

To the kind, to the candid, and to the benevolent, he presents, and dares offer to the world, *without fear of offence, this*

Address *to the* Heart,

On the Subject of AFRICAN SLAVERY.

AWAKE! ye whose hearts are attuned to sympathy! ye whose minds have tasted of the sweet cup of benevolence, and who profess humbly to imitate the glorious Saviour of the world! deign for a moment to think, and despise not the meanest of your brethren, for the high and the low, are of the same blood—the first and the last, the same in the eye of Heaven! Be thankful that the Father of mercies has blessed you with abundance, that ye may diffuse happiness around you; and pride yourselves not in riches, for to the God of the rich and the poor, the whole earth belongs—nor in knowledge, for ye are all born alike——in ignorance.

Who can supplicate the God of the universe, and reject the supplications of his distressed creatures, over whom he has appointed them as stewards?—Who can pray for mercy, rendering none—expect gratitude, forgetting to be grateful?—Remember who created you, and of what —of dust!——Remember the condescension of Christ, when he loved you—his sufferance for your redemption, and at what price he bought it—the price of his blood!—Remember the great command he gave to his followers—to love their neighbors as themselves, and to bestow benefits as they would receive them! Forget yourselves not for a moment in the days of your prosperity, for the earth itself is in continual motion!

The miseries of many are full; the cries of oppressed men rise from the dust! for the iron hand of tyranny has long been heavy.——Ye who repose under the delightful shades of peace—ye whose rights and property fear no invasion—ye whose nights of soft slumber are undisturb'd, whose days are spent in conjugal love, and whose children are ripening in age under the kind indulgencies of parental affection, forget for a moment the voluptuous couch, the luxurious table, the splendid equipage, the sumptuous robe, the enchanting scenes and intoxicating pleasures that surround you, and consider that many of your poor brethren are weary with the heavy labour that procures them!—you are enjoying the fruits of the earth, and they considered only as beasts of burthen. They have children as well as yourselves, and are subject to the same feelings.—The poor African is to-day reclining in the arms of balmy rest, under the tree which was planted by his father for a shade—His little infants are playing on his neck, as he rests on his couch of reeds—He smiles at their gambols, and the fathers of the valley arrive, to amuse with the tales of their former years, the men and maids who are gathering to the feast.——The rice is ready, the fruits are collected, and the * palm flows for the welcome guests.—The warbling voice is loud in the † fetish grove—the song rises, and the dance begins,—Their festive joys continue, and whilst innocence and virtue reign, the open eye of Heaven approves——A cloud rises in the west,—The journey of the whirlwind is not more rapid than its progress.—The flames of the surrounding villages ascend, and the shrieks of the dying victims are now the only music of the groves!——Can the bleating of the lamb raise the pity of the wolf?—No—nor the cry of the babe stay the hand of the barbarous Ruffian!——The afflicted mother is torn from her child, for the protecting hand of the father is laid low in the dust.——The brother cannot mingle tear with brother—nor take a parting look, for they are for ever divided—the sister can enjoy no longer the love of her parents, nor the friendship of her companions of the morning, for one black night has separated them all.—The cries of women render more piercing the hideous yells of midnight, the groans of men are heard with the clanking of chains!——Where is now the song of mirth? Where is now the soft tale of love? The valley of Morni is become the valley of death!——The sacred groves are become the shades of misery!——The march of groans is begun.—Weeks pass, where the desart brook is dry—the hot sands burn, and the breeze forgets to blow.—The tender youths sink——the arms of death catch them!——The dungeons of the ship are open,—The heavy chains are in tune; they clink to the misery of man.——The fiend of the earth is awake—he travels the deck in darkness!——The rolling sea hurries the heaving hearts.——The sighing souls escape.——Happy souls! for *you* died the Saviour of the world! The groans of a hundred men, the sighs of a hundred women, the cries of a hundred youths are one! their tears mingle with the wave that dashes over.—A dead silence prevails, and the bodies are thrown to the watchful sharks, whose ravenous jaws are glutted with the flesh of men!—The markets in the west are full of slaves—the fathers of oppression are there——their flinty hearts regard them as beasts of burthen.——The doom of the children of Africa is fixed, their lot is a dreadful bondage! O christianity!——Thou whose mild teacher taught self-denial to the world, and died to deliver and to bless mankind, can thy professors make captive and destroy their brethren?—The name of christian has been abhorred by Negroes and Indians! Christ has seen his name rejected—the cause is before him, for his eye is upon all flesh!

Come thou of peaceful soul, to my garden in the land of slavery—it is a retreat well suited to a contemplative mind. The high mountains that surround, preserve it from the storm, and the hanging wood is beautifully softened by their shades.—See the bower to which I invite my friends.—This was planted by my faithful old man who keeps watch in my garden.——The little murmuring brook that wanders along the valley seldom forgets to run, and dashing down the rock, dazzles in the sun-beam. Upon that rock sits the night-hawk.——Listen! for the turtle doves are cooing, and the mild notes of the woodland thrush are still heard!——The sun tinges the clouds; and how rich are the warm tints of the mountains!——The evening star already twinkles, and the sable wing of night is spreading from the east.——See that poor slave rising the hill under a heavy load.—He whistles, for the sun is setting and his time of rest is near—— "he whistles, therefore he is happy."—No—he often walks pensively on the hill, and he sometimes rests his burthen upon that old stump:——Hark!——O sun!—thou whose chearful beams have often enlivened my soul, thou art now sinking behind the world.—When thou risest thou wilt behold my country! thou wilt see my wife and children!——my wife and children!——Do they want bread!—

* *Palm tree, from which runs their wine.*
† *Sacred grove of their gods.*